

BEFORE & AFTER

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VHS

Number 1



ADULTS ONLY



**All models are over
18 years of age**







SLIM & SWINGING!**





So much was usually going on during the weekends that I would sometimes forget where I was supposed to be most of the time. My foxy body was in demand and I sure didn't mind showing it off when I went to all those parties. Usually I would end up in the nude anyway and my proud nipples would be sticking straight out defying anyone to top them.

Quite often I would stand before my full-length mirror and admire my classic body. Sure that was being a little narcissistic but I was turned on by my smooth full hips, uplifted breasts and tight buns as much as the guys.





Sometimes I would find myself fondling my nipples until they became rock hard. All of a sudden my vivid imagination would take me over and there would be nothing I could do.

More than likely I would have a couple of guys nearby who loved to fool around as much as I do. Soon we would be entangled into one ball of flesh and those huge, steamy tools would be nuzzling into my wet crevice. Although I could only take one throbbing cock at a time I was often tempted to squeeze in an extra hunk of hungry meat just to make it more interesting. My twat would be





stretched to the breaking point but the orgasm that would follow would be absolutely spectacular.

Never in my life did I ever think that anything drastic would happen in my life. By that I mean I would always be slim, sly and sultry. Why shouldn't I? After all, I took all the precautions in the world. No horny dude was ever going to make me pregnant! There was no way that my flat belly was going to swell up into one of those ugly balloons.

Two of my girlfriends had become pregnant within the last few months and I watched in horror as they lost all their natural beauty. Of course there were no more parties for them, they had to stay home and watch TV all the time or maybe call friends up on the phone and wall about their condition. Well, it was their own fault. I didn't feel sorry for them in the least! They would never get any of my sympathy.

In the meantime I was out there doing my thing. There were so many colossal cocks out there in the world and such a little time to round them all up. I wanted bigger and better bangers all the time. Gradually I was discovering that I could not get satisfied. Even though I would be throwing my legs up in the air as many as ten times in a night I would still feel strangely empty at the end of the day.

There was always kinky sex but I really didn't want to get involved with those boys and their weird toys. Once in awhile I do fool around with an interesting collection of dildos but then I quickly switch back to the real thing. Besides I love to suck on those jerking jackhammers and then work those swinging, sweaty balls over for an encore.





But there are times when I discover myself right in the middle of a wild game. How it all got started I am never sure but suddenly whips, ropes and slings are all over the place. Although I know how to weave through all of that merchandise, sometimes I get stopped right in the middle and there I am part of the action.

Often I would get home early in the morning and I would be aching all over. I would forget that I had been down on my hands and knees for almost three hours. And with my creamy buns up in the air there was no way that I was going to escape those ass-fucking monsters that love to split a tight, puckered anus wide open.

Of course there are times when I want to be alone. Maybe during those solitary hours I will start doing a little serious masturbation. After all I do take my memories with me and they generally get my pussy tingling with excitement.

But it won't be long before someone will be pounding on my door. I know there will be a big cock out there waiting for me before I even look out. By that time I will be so hot to trot that I will reach out and grab that hunk of delicious dick and probably suck on it for a couple of minutes to get it even harder and hotter.

Maybe I secretly send out a pungent scent when I am in heat because I never have any trouble getting the boys when that itch in my twat becomes unbearable. Someday I might make a study of that but for the time being I am going to just let it all happen in a natural way.



Probably it was that trip to Spokane that changed everything in my life. My sister called and said she wanted me to come up for awhile because she was going through one of those melancholy periods that only could be swept away by the appearance of one of the family. Since no one else had as much free time as myself I was elected to make the trip.

As usual Debbie was involved with a no-good man. He was giving her all kinds of problems and once in awhile even beating her up.

"What am I going to do?" she moaned.







Once more it was up to the big sister to get her out of this impossible situation. I said that I would handle the matter immediately. Without wasting any time I went right over to his apartment and confronted this clown. He wasn't going to bother my poor sister anymore!

The minute he opened the door I was engulfed by his intense personal magnetism. Also he had a bulge between his legs that was positively hypnotic. After taking a deep swallow I told him what was on my mind.

"Get down on your knees, bitch, and start sucking!" he commanded.

No one had ever talked to me like that before and I was about to haul off and sock him but those steely eyes bore right through me and I could feel my legs suddenly become weak. There was no way that I could support my weight any longer. Gradually I did exactly what he told me.

As I was sucking away on that pungent prick I became aware that his meat was expanding by the second. No wonder Debbie still hung around with this dude, he had the kind of tool a girl dreams about.

He lucked me silly for almost forty-five minutes straight. When he did come it was in volcanic proportions. He flooded me with his boiling cum right up to the pit of my heaving stomach. And at that moment something happened!



















“Carefully I cupped my whoppers and at the same time I wiggled my ass. The combination of the two caused my bulging belly to come alive and start to bounce with a wicked beat.”



**BIG &
BEAUTIFUL**







When my stomach started swelling up I couldn't believe that I was pregnant for a second! That only happened to girls who didn't know how to protect themselves. I knew all the answers! Or did I?

Naturally all my so-called girlfriends called me up and started giving me the business. I heard all the things that I had said to them when they were pregnant. In a way I couldn't blame them for trying to get back at me; probably I would have done the same thing.

Several times I thought about getting an abortion but then I decided that since being pregnant was a part of my life I was going to experience it all the way through. I didn't want to be known as a quitter!

Each morning became an incredible new adventure. Something fantastic was going on inside my swelling stomach. If only I could have observed that bloated area of my body I would have been able to relax more. As it was I found myself going around in circles.

Finally I decided that I would read everything I could get my hands on that discussed the subject of pregnancy. I wasn't going to get any of those complicated medical books; I needed publications that explained on a one-to-one basis. Actually I wanted someone sitting right before me, taking the time to discuss all aspects of my surprised pregnancy.

When I discovered that the enlarged uterus in late pregnancy displaced other abdominal organs I had the feeling that I was soon going to have to make some major adjustments within the next few months. I wondered how I was going to sleep with all those changes taking place





within me. Or was I supposed to keep my eyes wide open until the pregnancy completed its cycle. I had been up all night many times before but in those days my pussy was being split wide apart by a hard, driving shaft.

Suddenly I was getting all kinds of bizarre dreams. My big stomach marched right out in front of me and I had to follow along as though I were a part of a mile-long parade.

Morning sickness was next to hit me. Many times I had heard this phenomenon described to me but I didn't pay much attention. I never thought that I would be sitting right in the middle of it one day. Right away I started searching through all my reference books for a cure. On page 106 I discovered the following advice: Eat a lot of

soda crackers immediately upon waking and go back to bed for at least an hour. Since I could never stand crackers in bed I decided to pass on that advice unless the morning sickness got too far out of control.

Now all the adventure of being pregnant began fading away. Just to see how big I really was I decided to stand in front of my favorite full-length mirror. That was one way of getting it all together in a hurry.

When I stripped down to the nude and stood in profile to the mirror I had to blink my eyes a number of times to make sure that I wasn't dreaming. My stomach had increased at least three times in size! Where was that foxy







figure that rocked all the guys back on their heels? No matter in what direction I turned I received the same incredible reflection.

Back to all the books I went. Then my eyes started getting tired and I decided that it was time to take a walk. First, I needed to get out of the house. I had been feeling sorry for myself long enough. And also I wanted to see if there were any men out there who might appreciate a pregnant woman. I had heard that there were some guys who went right up the wall if a big stomach waltzed by.

And then I suddenly realized I didn't have a thing to wear. Of course I had made that statement many times before but this time it was absolutely true! Nothing could possibly wrap around my bloated belly. And I certainly couldn't go out in the nude. They might think I was a grounded blimp and drag me into the nearest available landing field.

Fortunately I still had a few former pregnant friends who were speaking to me and who would be willing to loan me some of their old maternity clothes. Maybe it wouldn't be my style but at least it would be something to cover my bobbing belly.

Finally I was out the door and down the street. For a long while I only looked straight ahead of me and then I heard someone whistling. That was a familiar sound when I had a sleek body and a pair of sculptured breasts that stuck right out there defying the rest of the world, but now I was fat and dumpy. That whistle couldn't have the same meaning.



Again and again I heard the same sound. Although I knew in my heart that there had to be a mistake I slowly turned. This tall man waved at me and started walking faster in my direction. At that moment I had the urge to start running. If I hadn't been so heavy I would have done just that. Because of the circumstances I just stood there and waited until he came up to my side.

"Beautiful," he murmured. "I like the way you're holding it all together. You should be pregnant more often."

He continued complimenting my so-called fat belly style and a couple of times I actually thought he was going to pat my stomach as though it belonged to a smiling Buddha. All the way back home I kept repeating his words to myself. Was I really that beautiful? Even more than when I was slim and swinging? If that was so then maybe I would go this route again.

But the moment I got home I began to feel depressed again. I needed some more encouragement and I decided to take another walk. Before I could make it to the door the phone started ringing. It was the same man who had talked to me on the street. "How did you get my number?" I demanded. He chuckled and explained that he had ways when it came to foxy pregnant ladies. I couldn't believe he was saying things like that but I sure wasn't going to hang up on him.





No one stays pregnant forever but I have to admit that my attitude has completely changed. Not so much from the unexpected compliments but from the realization that you don't have to have a foxy body to get attention. All you need is an inner style and you have the world in the palm of your hand.

















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